Dear Ed, 4/27/74

When you phoned several nights ago I was asleep. I never went to sleep so early in my life. That night I was so tired I not only didn't hear the phone ring, Lil could not awaken me. And when she finally did and we started talking, it was much the same, I just couldn't stay alert.

I guess I am just that worn out, partly the years, partly the hours and partly the strains.

Night before last I fell asleep looking at the TV news. The same night, wanting very much to see the ABC sepcial on government intrusions into private lives, I slept through all of it, bolt upright. (If you can get a transcripts I would like it as a matter of record for I do have files on that subject. I think it was called "Paper Prison.")

And last night I again fell asleep sitting up.

My winter was not all that inactive. I'm out of shape but not that badly. I carried logs all winter long that young as you are you would not have found easy. But all of a sudden it has hit me. In the course of repairing the dam that feeds the pond, I appear to have pulled a muscle or muscles in the chest. It got uncomfrotable enough to go to the hssipital, where all the checks for heart attack were made and were negative, so I guess I pulled a mascle I didn't know was there for pulling. Amd each day I make it a point to get some physical work in. Thus far it merely tires me more.

So, this explanation and apology for a phone conversation that must have left you wondering.

I have several other purposes in writing.

I am getting a visit from a British correspondent who is also a medical expert. He is interested in Post Mortem with a view to seeing if he can sell enough rights from it to pay for the printing of the work. All the others I have trusted with the new final part, I think is it called II and is the wyfax rather than the xerox copy, have failed to return them. I do not want you to return it before you have read it. And I could use a xerox or two. If this man turns out to be a decent man, I would make him the offer I made of which you have read, that he could condense it for a popular work, in size and in content. I would not permit this without the full work being available because it just would not be believed. He will be here in a week and a half, if you can make me a xerox.

Jim, although much younger, is getting into the state of exhaustion in which I am. His wife had to give him sleeping pills the other night. He also is into too much. The governments with which we contend are running our asses off. Thus far, however, they are hurting themselves, at least as a matter of record(s). Especially in my newest suit, 2502 -73, where I have just pinned what is close to a false-swearing rap on J. Lee Rankin. Fortunately, my failing memory, at least compared to what it was, has worked well enough. We are filing the government's own records to prove they are lying to the court. In quantity! What this will mean in cost on appeal is another matter, but we surely are making a record. (In time Jim will have copies of all of these papers. Right now I don't even have a full set.)

Dimondstein made no response at all to the letter you drafted and Jim sent. So we now have to file a complaint. Can you possibly find time to draft one in New York style and send it and instructions on how I can file it pro se? Finding a lawyer anywhere when you have no front money is impossible and I see no possibility of survival without collecting some of this. (With Dell there should be enough in it to pay a lawyer well. The guy who had the case first got suspended and then skipped. Nobody knows where he is.)

I have decided that the time has come for any entirely different Watergate book than the one of which I have more than 500 pages written and I have enough for an entirely new one. I'll be starting it as soon as I can. In connection with it I may want to borrow Give Us This Day to copy quotes I have marked on the galleys. No, I just remember that Jim has a copy and I can get his easier. Thanks for anything you can do. Hope we see you soon. It is getting beautiful here, with all the extra work that means!